

A
L E T T E R

FROM THE

Hon. THOMAS HERVEY

TO THE

L A T E K I N G.

To which is prefixed one to the

Duke of *NEWCASTLE*,

Recommending the Contents of it to his
GRACE'S Furtherance and Favour.

*Litteras ab amico missas in medium protulit, palamque recita-
vit. Quid hoc est, quam tollere e vitâ vitæ societatem?*

Crc. Orat. Phil. II.

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LETTER

FROM THOMAS HERVEY

TO THE

STATES



OF WINDASTLE

Recommending the Contents of it to his
Grace's Patience and Favour

Printed by J. G. Woodman, the Printer of the
Office of the Secretary of State, in the Strand, London.
C. O. O. Phil. II.

LONDON:

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THE
AUTHOR
TO THE
READER.

AT the Time of writing this Letter to the King, I little thought of being myself the Publisher of it. On the contrary, in a valedictory one to my Son, when I had the *utmost* Reason to think my End approaching; I desired him to consult two Gentlemen therein mentioned, about the Means of getting it conveyed to his Majesty. This Circumstance sufficiently testifies,

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that

that it was intended for a posthumous Exhibition. In which case, the great personage to whom it was addressed, would probably have thought of the most exceptionable Parts in it, with less Severity: Or, if not, its unhappy Author at least, could not have been affected, by any Censure that might be past upon it. I am at present entirely aware, that the Contents are not near so much a Concern of the Public, as a Street-ballad: and yet persuaded, if I could explain my Motives for troubling them with it, but little blame would be imputed to me. The base and contemptuous Usage I received from the Duke of *Newcastle* upon this Occasion, surpasses all Precedent. Had he vouchsafed to give any Answer at all, to three Letters I writ him, I would not have taken ill the most rude and unkind,

unkind, that his Enmity to me could have suggested. The not returning my Letter to the King, is an Offence of a still more heinous Nature: But that Breach of Trust is accounted for in the Title-page. I had great Reason, I confess, to apprehend the Mortification I met with: because an old and intimate Acquaintance of mine, who was pretty high in Office, told me many Years ago, when we were jointly soliciting another thing; that he feared, the Scorn and Derision, with which my Brother had taken all Opportunities to treat the Duke's Character, had so exasperated his Grace, as to give him an Aversion even to my Name and Family*. My previous
Mis-

* The Charge brought against Lord *Hervey*, I fear, is undeniable: but such a Quarrel cannot be deemed sufficient Cause for proscribing
all

Misgivings, however, had not so thoroughly prepared me for the Conflict, as to assuage either the Anger or Anguish I lived in, for a long Time after, in consequence of the Slight and Indignity put upon me. I exclaimed now and then at the inhuman Violence, with some Scope and Petulancy: but am pleased, upon the whole, that his Grace's Age and Station, restrained me from any other Resentment of it. And yet, to be grievously injured, and at the same Time prohibited Complaint, is Torture: The worst of all Tortures; for it is to be excruciated mentally. It may suffice now to say, that to add Weight to the Depressed, and make Mirth of Misery, is a Sort of Cruelty,

all his Relations. And yet the great Cardinal *Richlieu* had an Injustice of this Sort imputed to him.

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that, pungent as I felt it, I had much rather suffer, than inflict.

To wave this hideous Subject, and rid myself of the Pain which will for ever attend the Recollection of it; I shall proceed to tell my candid and indulgent Reader, the Cause that more immediately urged me to commit this Trespas on him. When an innocent Person has been highly injured in his fame, without a Power of redressing himself, he naturally makes his Appeal to the World, as the most proper Advocate and Judge, in all such Cases: Because the Opinion of the World, in Effect, is Fame. I have some Hopes, besides, that my Slanderers will find in this melancholly Production, sufficient Evidence to convince them, that, noticed for a Philosopher at one score Years

Years of Age, I was scarcely so degenerated, as to be an idle Libertine at three.

I received two anonymous Letters last Year, which have kept me upon Tenters ever since. One of these nameless Scriblers, expresses his Disregard of me with becoming Moderation: Allows me to have some Share of Understanding, and therefore flatters himself, that I may have Sense enough to pay a proper Deference to his. In consequence of which, he further hopes, to find a suitable Alteration in my Sentiments; and that I, as well as his Client, may respectively reap the Benefit of the good Office he meant to do us both. But my courteous Monitor deceives himself most egregiously; for, of the two, I had rather take another Affront

affront from him, than his advice. The Ribaldry of the other, is sharpened by such opprobrious Terms and hints, that standing in the Pillory would not be too great a Penalty for his abuse. To be implacably offended, yet treated as the Offender, is a most insupportable Aggravation of my Wrongs. And could I conceive, that such masked Assailants bore Arms, of any Sort, I would submit to the Means of a Prize-fighter, to vindicate my Reputation; and by Advertisement call them forth, to a more proper Encounter of me. For I have so conducted myself through Life, that I am ready to answer to any thing, any Body, and in any Way.

Having unwarily touched upon the Subject of the Duke of Newcastle's Misbehaviour to me, in the

foregoing Preface ; I find it necessary to add a short Supplement to it : in order to obviate any Extenuation, or Replication, that might be made on his Behalf, relative to this Matter. Accordingly, the Reader is to be informed, that near two Years after, upon some fresh Inducements thereto, I renewed my Suit to his Grace, under the Mediation of two powerful Advocates, whose Sollicitations I thought he would not be able to withstand : and I judged a-right. For in consequence of their Intervention, I obtained, in a short Time, an Offer of two Pensions, in Exchange for my Employment. But upon discovering, in the Midst of our Treaty, that the Terms of this Compromise were neither agreeable to my Wishes, or Expectations ; and the Pensions,

not

not attainable upon the *Irish* Establishment ; I had absolutely, and finally, (as I then thought) refused them. Nevertheless, being urged anew to accept the Offer ; as the Apothecary tells *Romeo*, when he is vending his Poison to him, “ My Poverty consented, but not my Will.”

I am inexpressibly obliged to my two noble Intercessors in this negotiation ; but the credited Side of his Grace's account with me is never to be cancelled. For it is scarcely within the reach of human Power, to make Retribution for a wounded Pride, and violated Honour : Which are the Feelings of every Man of Spirit, conscious of an unavenged Affront. My great Mistake in this Affair, was not presenting my Memorial to the King, in Person : Be-

cause I am thoroughly convinced, (to use a Scripture Phrase) “ that it would have found Favour in his Sight.”

To bring together the Whole of this Transaction, the subjoining of my Letter to Mr. *West* may not be unacceptable to the Reader. The only Thing I asked, on my own Part, relating to this arduous Matter, was to have some Memorandum made in the Office, that the Pensions were not given entirely *gratis*, but granted upon a Commutation with the Crown. This Indulgence was nevertheless refused me, and in a Manner I thought rather too abrupt and arbitrary.

To

*To Mr. WEST, Secretary to the
Treasury.*

S I R,

YOUNG as I was at the University, where there was too great an Habit of it, I even then abhorred Disputation. Yet a very unfeigned Love of Truth, makes me dislike to have any thing imposed upon me for Reason, which is not so. The Tenure of a Place, and that of a Pension, with regard to the Power of the Crown to take away either, are unquestionably indiscriminate. But with regard to the Precariousness of the Possessions in other Respects, they
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are very distinguishable. The Equity of our King, and likewise of his Ministers, is so notorious ; that a Man in this Country has little more Chance to lose his Office, than to lose his Head, without some Misdemeanour. During the Plenitude of Sir *Robert Walpole's* Power, indeed, any political Heresy was deemed a mortal Sin, and the Delinquent suffered accordingly : But having unfortunately quitted my Seat in Parliament, I might be less orthodox than I really am, without ever exposing myself to any ministerial Anathema on that Account. Now, Sir, if there be nothing erroneous in this Reasoning ; the Inference is, that a *quam diu se bene gesserit*, to an harmless and dutiful Servant of the Crown, is pretty near equal to a Patent for Life. But this will not be the Case of my poor Substitutes,

stitutes, whose Equivalent for what I have relinquished, will be subject to other Contingencies. Pensions, little Pensions I mean, from the Nature of them, bespeak some Degree of Indigence where they are bestowed; and, consequently, are supposed to be given to Objects of Compassion. But should his Majesty die, his Successor may possibly not see those Objects in the same Light, or have others recommended to him to whom he may chuse to give a Preference: And either of these Things would defeat my friendless Suitors. Mrs. *Hervey*, besides, in case I should survive the King, will not be found immediately in that Predicament: which might create a farther demur upon her claim. And the natural Pretence for asking a Continuance of the Bounty, not appearing; my Plea for shewing the equitable

table one, by such a Memorandum as I contended for, becomes the stronger. Because by this Means it would be seen, at once, that the Provision I had obtained for my Family, was with a View only of preventing the future Want, to which they stood eventually exposed at my Demise; and that it was not a mere Act of Grace: As I had not only given up, in Consideration of it, the prettiest Employment in the Kingdom, of its Value, but a Title to about eight thousand Pounds; which was as much due to me, by the Confession of Mr. *Pelham* himself, as any Part of my Salary. I am,

S I R,

your most obedient,

and humble Servant,

THO. HERVEY.

To his GRACE
The DUKE of NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD,

THE inclosed Letter to the King, was written near four Years ago, upon an Alarm given me by a Fit of an Apoplexy, and an Apprehension that my Death was not far off: Yet I had not the Resolution at last to deliver it. For I have suffered, and could still suffer myself, to be much troubled, rather than be a little troublesome. That I am not imposing upon your Grace in this Assertion, I will give you the Testimony of Sir *Robert Walpole* for my Voucher: Who never made me any other Excuse for his repeated Neglects and Abuses of me, than my *being a bad Solicitor, and too modest a Man for public Life*. This Subterfuge appeared to me so very mean and unnatural, that instead of extenuating the past, it gave me fresh cause of Offence: And in consequence of the Mortification and Disgust created by it, I determined soon

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after to quit my Seat in Parliament. Had I ever attached myself to your Grace, I am persuaded, that my services had come doubly recommended to you, by such a consideration. But Sir *Robert* unhappily verified a Sentiment of some *French* Historian I have read; who, in closing his Remarks upon *Ptolemy's* Behaviour to *Pompey*, observes, "*Que la Reconnoissance n'etoit jamais la Vertu des Grands.*" I have neither Time, nor Spirits sufficient at present, to tell your Grace, how highly aggravated his misusage of me was, from various Circumstances. Amongst others, my poor weak and passionate Mother disinherited me, in consequence of my Compliance with his last Request to me, in behalf of my Colleague Colonel *Norton*: to whom, I cannot but confess, that she had a very well grounded Quarrel. This Schism amongst ourselves, was attended with a much greater in the Corporation of *Bury*: Infomuch, that I found it extremely difficult last Year, to lay a-new the Foundation of the *Ickworth* Interest there. The base, and, I may say, cruel Part my Brother *Felton* acted in the Beginning of that Strife, makes him a Reproach to Human-Nature.

Nature. But my whole Family, I thank Heaven, thought so suitably of his Behaviour, that they have all renounced him. I have mentioned some of these Things in my Letter to his Majesty : And am giving your Grace this Trouble, to beg the Favour of you, not only to deliver it for me, but to back the humble Suit I have made to him. Should you succeed in your good Offices, I shall be more beholden to you, than ever I have been to any other Man in all my Life. I am,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient,

Bond-Street.

and humble Servant,

Tho. Hervey.

As I am solliciting the first, and, in all probability, the last Favor I shall ever ask of your Grace ; I hope you will pardon me, if I trespass a little longer on your Time and Patience, by beseeching you farther to make known to his Majesty, what I am about to tell you. Mr. *Johnson*, in writing Mr. *Savage's* life, makes the Account of his Misfortunes extremely interesting. And yet,

were I to trouble the World with an History of mine, how greatly would they be thought to surpass them ? Adversity seemed to take an early liking to me, as the Person, of all Mankind, most liable to the dire Effects of it : And it has pursued me with a very invariable Attachment. I lost a Son the last Campaign in *America*,* almost as dear to me as my Eyesight, or any other of my Senses. And I protest to you, it has made so horrid an Impression upon my Mind, that I am in some doubt, whether it would not have been better for me to have lost the Senses themselves, 'ere I missed so very pleasing an Object of them. Perdition on the Head of him, or rather head-less him, that robbed me of it. If he had fallen by any common Chance of War, where he might have done himself some Honour, or the Nation any Service ; I might have secretly sighed, but could not have repined at it. But to be told, that he was a Victim, sacrificed to the Misconduct of his ignorant Leader ; and only became a Part of the bloody Oblation made by him to our Enemies ; is an Affliction, which, if it do not prove Mortal, a feeling Person may reasonably wish to be so. There was not a more

* This horrid Disaster happened at *Ticonderoga*,

promising young Man in the World. He had all the Spirit, Diligence, and Alacrity, of Lord *Howe* : And I am not sure, that he had not rather the Advantage of him, in point of Parts and Erudition. When I could but ill afford it, I gave him an extraordinary Education, because I could give him nothing else : And he had Sense enough to know, and to reap the Benefit of it. He took an early Liking to his Profession, as an Art ; and redoubled his Application to it, as a Matter of Duty. There are few Books of any Authority or Repute, which treated of the military Sciences, that he had not read. As this Disposition could not fail to advance him in Knowledge, his Advancement in Knowledge had likewise procured him some Consideration and Preferment in the Army. General *Shirley* made him his Aid de Camp, when he was but a Lieutenant : which, I have been told, is not a common Mark of Favor and Distinction. When he got his Company, he was appointed to the same Office under Mr. *Webb* ; who was as kind to him, (I thank him) as if he had been his Child. But being dispossessed at last of his little Attainments, and called again into the Ranks ;

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one ill-fated Hour, deprived *him* of his Life, and me of the Hopes with which I had flattered myself, of seeing some pleasing, useful Superstructure raised, upon the Foundation we had jointly laid, of a brave, a virtuous, and substantial Man.

Upon my Word, my Lord, I have not been imposing on you a fictitious Merit, either created, or even magnified at all, by my Partiality as a Parent; but giving you the genuine Character of a very amiable and deserving young Person. Were I capable of being blinded by such a Prejudice, the same Prepossession would make me think alike of all my Children: but that is not the Case. I have been satisfied in general, not to have discovered any material Defects in my Offspring: But Content and Admiration are different Things. This unfortunate Youth having possessed himself of those Things, which throughout the whole Course of my Life, I have made the chief Objects of my Esteem; he was consequently in Possession of the Esteem itself: and I had begun to love him, by a Sort of Obligation derived from Principle. The natural Relation betwixt us, was improved into a more
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intimate and cordial Union ; that of Friendship. I do not much affect, or deal in Metaphor ; but I honour every man, if I may be allowed the Expression, who is his own Maker. My Meaning is, that Nature having done her Work, there is a kind of second Formation of the Man, which depends upon ourselves : and my poor Boy had made a Progress in that Task, very rarely attained at such an age. But I will dwell no longer upon the Subject ; for I have really felt new Anguish, from my own Reflections. It will be no improper Conclusion, however, of this melancholy Discourse, to tell your Grace, I most heartily wish the Sentiments of a Father were better known to *you*, and that I had been less acquainted with them.

The following Letter is to His Majesty.

Most

Most gracious Sir,

IF to have long loved and served You, be any Excuse for troubling You, or any Title to your Regard; Your Majesty will not be offended at this Obtrusion on your Thoughts, and more important Callings. And my Attachment to your sacred Person, has not been the less firm or faithful, because the Malice of my Fortune has placed me at a greater Distance from it than I might have been; or less meritorious, because my *Power* of serving you may have been more scanty and confined, than that of other Men. Whenever Occasion offered, such Abilities and Means as I was Master of, have never failed to be exerted by me, in support of your Majesty's Government, and in promoting your private Ease and Tranquillity. I can farther aver, that for many Years past, I never heard of any thing, which I thought might vex or mortify you, without grieving; or any thing which I thought would please you, that I did not cordially rejoice at it. Yet with all this consciousness about me, with all these Extenuations of my Trespas, I should have been cautious, at a time like this of mentioning to you a private concern
of

of mine, were not the Motives to it too pressing, to be any longer resisted.

My Constitution, long since impaired by early Grief and Disappointment, has lately had a Shock, which seems to threaten a total Dissolution of it. Weak and distempered bodies, I know, are sometimes troubled with such Misgivings, through Fear; but I have not the least Reason to believe, that I am under any Apprehension so created. For though it may be a Question, whether I am duely prepared to give that Account of my Life, which I have been told will be required of me; I am certain at least, that no Sage, or Saint, ever felt a more thorough Indifference about the Resignation of it. And yet, notwithstanding the Firmness and Composure, with which I can behold my own, and the End of all Things; I am disquieted, at Times, with a very painful Anxiety concerning the Means of arriving at it: And perceive myself suspended, in some sort, by the Dilemma of the Philosopher, who said he wished himself dead, but did not like dying. * This Paradox, if I remember

* *Mortuus esse volo, emori nolo.*

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'right,

'right, is given to *Socrates*: and though it stands unexplained by the Author of it, his Meaning appears to me pretty obvious. This sagacious Person was aware, that we make our Exits, for the most Part, under some Perturbation or another, if not in a real Tempest. His dread therefore of the Act of dying was very natural: Because a troublesome Passage, to an unhospitable Abode, is certainly but an hideous Prospect. However, he only thought and talked upon this Occasion, as a Philosopher; whereas I have my Suggestions from Despair. I have long had, and still have, great Reason to fear, that my poor subdued Spirit will leave me, before I leave the World: And such a Survivance of oneself, if I may so call it, is the greatest of all Calamities. By an unaccountable Perverseness, I have found it at all Times disproportioned to my Circumstances: For though it was at first too great for my Fortune, I feel it now too little for my Misfortunes. Unless I am much deceived; (which frequent Examinations of myself give me little Cause to suspect) I was endued with more than common Temper and Fortitude: But they have at length forsaken

faken me: And Hope and Patience, the Wretch's last Supports, are sure to join in such a Desertion. " No Man, (as *Brutus* says of himself) bore Sorrow better : " But there is a Sorrow not to be borne. A troubled and resentful Mind, in a distempered Body, is almost the Consummation of human Misery. And if I have not past four and twenty Years in that deplorable State, may a worse be allotted me, in some future Scene of Existence. Lamentable as such a Condition is in itself, the Consequences of it were hugely worse. For when constant Watchings, and some severer Symptoms of my Disease, obliged me at length to have the Advice of a Physician; Doctor *Burton*, by a most unheard of Oversight, in treating my Case, which was evidently inflammatory, as a nervous one; told me, after an Attendance of three Weeks, " that
 " my Malady seemed to be in my Mind,
 " and he knew of no Medicine, that would
 " reach a Grief so lodged." In consequence of this fatal Error, if I may be believed, I past eleven Years without any more Account of Time, or other Notices of Things, remaining with me, than a Person asleep, un-

der the Oppression of some horrid Dream. When he was called again, at the Expiration of this Term, to a Consultation with another Gentleman of the Faculty, at the Request of my invaluable Friend the Bishop of *Derry*; he confessed, that he feared he had ruined my Health irreparably, and openly took Shame to himself: But, alas! his Shame was poor Amends for *my* Sorrow.

I doubt, my good and gracious Sir, that I am making this Appeal to you doubly exceptionable, by adding Melancholy to prolixity: and should it affect you at all, it may possibly create disagreeable Sensations in you. But then the Patheticness of it bespeaks it the more genuine; and that will reconcile you to it again. I have been told by those about you, that your Abhorrence of every Thing that is the least disingenuous, is a distinguished Part of your Character. If I have been rightly informed, I should conclude, that your Majesty would resent a Lie, just as another Person would a Blow. Yet when I hear that you are this great Friend to Truth, I confess that I consider it only like any other amicable Attachment: because

Truth

Truth is, and ever will be, a Friend to your Majesty. She never will seem wanting in her regard for *You*, till your Historian has first shewn his disregard for her. He ought to tell Posterity, that if Lord *Bolingbroke's* Patriot King has not been exhibited to us; it was not because the thing itself was not in *your* Nature, but because it was not in the Nature of Things. Neither the Author of that extravagant Doctrine, "*qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare*;" nor *Lewis* the eleventh, who was such an avowed Favourer of it, as to say he did not desire his son to know any more Latin; could possibly have convinced me, that your Majesty has been the worse Ruler, for having never practised it; or not the better Man, for having despised it. He who is false to every-body, will soon find that he deceives no-body: and bring at once upon himself the Odium of an Hypocrite, with the Contempt due to the Bubble. Indeed and indeed, Sir, the Universal good Character you bear amongst your Subjects, added to the early Impressions given me of you by Lord Carr Hervey, have made me ever love you, most truly and invariably. And surely, the Affection of a sincere, honest, and well endowed Mind, could not but be deemed

deemed an Acceptable Offering, even to the Deity.——But it is Time to quit this, though for a less pleasing Subject, and to tell your Majesty, how infinitely ashamed I should be, to speak so incessantly of myself, as I shall do in this Address to you; were I not avowedly troubling you with it, upon selfish Motives; and among other, is an ardent Desire I have, if I am to die, not to die wholly unknown to you. As I am about to tell you an uncommon Case, your Majesty, I am persuaded, will forgive my telling it with uncommon Freedom, I shall have the Confidence even to write to you as my Friend: presuming, from the nobleness of your Nature, that you will think it a sufficient Reason to become so, to be told I have no other. Hitherto, I have said very little; but, believe me, I have suffered abundantly. For great Minds, as I have elsewhere observed, bear Affliction silently, but they bear it hardly. The Reason, I believe, is, that the self-same Qualities and Affections, which constitute their greatness, are apt, as I conceive, to make them delicate. And delicate Spirits, like delicate Constitutions, are more liable to little Hurts and Injuries, than those

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of a coarser Texture. My Conjectures, concerning this sympathetic Union, betwixt greatness of Mind, and a *Manly* Softness and Sensibility, might be supported by certain Examples: But your Majesty's Delicacy of another Kind, will probably make you better pleased with the Omission of them.

The adding of *Manly* to Softness, as a Term descriptive of its Transcendency, is, I believe, entirely new. And yet I may venture to affirm, that there is the strictest Propriety in it: Because duly considered, it makes the very Effence of all *Humanity*. The Poet certainly meant to give his Hero an enviable Character, who tells us he had *The gentlest Manners, with the greatest Mind.*

— And yet, uncommon as this pleasing Assemblage may be, in the component Parts of us; the Thought is so far from being any Ways strained or hyperbolized, that the Behaviour of every Man of Rank and Fashion, ought at once to give us this Idea of him. Upon a proper Occasion, nothing would so much exalt or dignify an Hero, in my humble Opinion, as to be found weeping. This Reflection reminds me of an
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Occurrence, which I shall take the Liberty to mention, merely in the Way of Argument. It happened to me once to be in waiting on the Queen, at the Time of your Majesty's Return from *Hanover* : Upon which Occasion, I saw a very signal Proof of what I have hinted at. For, at your first Interview with your Family, you was as much agitated and overborne by the Warmth and Force of your Affections, as ever any other Man was by his Passions. And as you yourself, Sir, have had your Misfortunes, it is a Trouble to me to know, that he who had Soul enough to feel such Emotions from his Joy, must have at least as quick Sensations, under the Pressure of any Grief or Adversity.

But I beg leave to recur to what I was saying ; because the applying of such an Epithet to myself, in any Instance, may appear a little arrogant. And to obviate so invidious an Imputation, it behoves me to assure your Majesty, that by greatness of Mind, (in my own Person) I meant nothing more than an enlarged and liberal one ; having been endued from my Youth, with that Seriousness and Simplicity in all my Thoughts
and

and Actions, which I hold fundamentally requisite, to make us both what we wish, and ought to be. Thus explained and considered, *my* great Mind will be thought no very great Characteristic ; as it will be found to comprehend little more than Simple Fame. That I have been much too serious for the World, I have had woeful Experience, by finding the World too little so for me. It would therefore be cruel to disallow me an Attribute, for which, in the Course of a very unhappy Life, I have paid extremely dear. But I have a further View in urging my claim to this Quality ; which is, that Seriousness and Sincerity being near a-kin, I hope your Majesty will as little doubt of the Singleness of my Heart upon this Occasion, as of the other Part of it's Frame and Disposition.

You will be surpris'd to hear, Sir, that when I sat down to write to you, I not only thought I had little to say to you, but had resolv'd to say little : conceiving it would give me a Chance to be the better heard. But the Honour of conversing with you, before I take my final leave of the World, created an unusual Joy in my Heart ; and hath awakened the small Re-

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mains of Spirit and Understanding I have about me, to such a Degree, that I am under some Apprehension of laying yours asleep. I thought, moreover, as I was about to ask a Favour of you, that it was incumbent on me to give you some Account of the Person, upon whom you was to confer it : Of the Truth whereof, I shall flatter myself that you will not doubt, though the Credit of the Testimony, rests singly upon that of my Veracity.

Incited by what I tell you, and the very great Affiance I have in your Majesty's Lenity and Goodness, I shall proceed to unbosom myself to you a little farther. If, meaning only to be explicit, I seem too copious and diffuse, I have already incurred your Majesty's Displeasure by the Length of my Letter : and now, like an hardened Offender, am persisting in my Transgression, because I think it too late to repent. I have still a longing, methinks, to be known to you : and partly, from the Consciousness of what I have lost and suffered, from not having had that Honour at my Outset in the World. Under the Pressure and Resentment of a Fate like mine, a Man is ever tormenting himself, in his After-thought,
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with Variety of projected Means for the Avoidance of it. It was but Yesterday, that I was thinking, if my poor dear Brother had been allowed to solicit some little Employment for me, in the Year Twenty Three, what a Difference it might have made in the whole Course of my Fortune. For the Happiness and Enjoyment of our Lives, depend much more upon little fortuitous Incidents in them, than we are aware. Human Life, in respect of needy and helpless Adventurers in it like myself, is in effect a Lottery : And an early Establishment in the Court, or a Seat in Parliament, which will pave the way of a Man of Abilities, to the very Sanctum Sanctorum of a Palace, is to have a Ticket in the Wheel at least. I am no great Admirer of sententious Writing : but one of *Rouchefocault's* Observations occurs to me, which is so very apposite to my present Purpose, that I beg leave to quote it. He says, "*La Nature fait le merrite, la Fortune le met en Œuvre.*" My Friend Mr. *Legge*, is such an Example of the Truth of this Maxim, as is scarce paralleled : an Acquaintance with Sir *Edward Walpole*, having singly determined the Difference, between his having the Guidance

of an Helm of a Ship, or his being an Assistant at that of the State. Lord *Anson* is another Instance of that Sort ; it was his Voyage round the World, which made him Lord *Anson* ; and not the intrinsic Merit of Captain *Anson*, great as I am disposed to allow it, to which he owed his Exaltation. But as a farther Proof of the Operations of what we call Luck, in the Affairs of Men ; that Commission and Command, which were the Foundation of his Power and Dignity, were originally designed for another Person : And had that Preference taken Place, the Benignity of his good Genius had been defeated in the first Intention ; and the Ground-work being wanting, the Elevation could never have been at-all. Nevertheless, as far as such Favourites of this Ideal Power, have improved Occasions of advancing or aggrandizing themselves in the World, they are greatly to be commended, For, I think, every Artificer of his own Fortune, by regular and virtuous Means, is an Object of Respect and Admiration. But not to give up my Author's or my own Sense of this matter ; I think I may still insist, that the *Terminus a quo*, or Archimedes's desired footing, is the main Point*.

Yet

* The Gentlemen who have promoted their Fortunes, by being sent on Embassies, are numberless.

Yet hapless and hopeless I, had almost reached my End, in vainly looking after this Beginning. If the conceit I once had of myself, was void of all those Deceptions, to which we are liable from real Self-conceit ; I cannot help thinking, that nothing but some propitious Chance, or external Aid of this Sort, was wanting, to raise me to something more than what I have been. But your Majesty will be pleased to observe, that the Difference between me and these worthy Gentlemen, is ; that your poor forlorn Suitor, was to seek *his* Fortune, not only without the ordinary means of looking after it, but without the least Help or Guidance for such a pursuit : whereas, *they* met their appointed Destinies, by so much Accident, and such a concurrence of lucky Circumstances, that their Fortunes seemed rather to have been seeking *them*. I flattered myself, once or twice, that I was stationed for Preferment ; but still my Hopes proved vain. My Situation was just like that of the poor Cripple near the Pool of *Bethesda* ; who had neither Powers sufficient of his own to get into the Bath, nor a tender of any friendly Hand to do the good Office for him. The political System of this Country is such, that Gentlemen

tlemen of the most distinguished Abilities cannot entirely go alone ; but before I came into Parliament, my Grievs had so utterly disqualified me for a Man of Business, that I was not able to *move* at-all. And this Incapacity to serve or signalize myself, added to the Neglects of those, who could and should have served me, made the whole Scene so mortifying, that nothing but my Indigence, (which ought to exclude every Man from such an Assembly) could possibly have tempted me to keep my Seat there so long as I did. If the Christian Doctrines are founded in Truth and Reason, which require us to do good for Evil ; what Abominations, both in the sight of God and Man, must those Creatures be, who return Evil for Good ? And yet this has been the State of my Account, with all my principal Relations, on whom I had any Sort of Dependence.

Though such distressful Circumstances, wanted no Aggravation to make them insupportable ; it heightened my Resentment of them greatly, to find myself be-set with almost every Evil that could attend an human Being, unconscious of having done any thing to make my Condition worse than it might have

have been ; or left undone aught, by which I could hope to mend it. For when I was recalled from *Lincoln's-Inn*, not being above five and twenty Years of Age, (though my Cares had anticipated as many more) I had no sooner obtained my Emancipation from the Dinn and Dirt of the Law, than I made a second Attempt, by the Interposition of my Brother, to prevail on Lord *Bristol*, to purchase me some Post in the Army. But he replied, " I am astonished, Sir, at your " Proposal ; for, by the eternal God, I " would hang him first." So arbitrary a Rejection of my Suit dismayed me quite. With a Spirit naturally active, and as desirous to shew itself in Action, as ever animated a human Breast ; I saw myself doomed, in consequence of it, to be one of the idle, useless Drones of Society ; and that I should live to incur my own Contempt, without having done any thing to incur my own Reproach. But your Majesty should know, that this hasty and irrational Answer, was meant to convey a Compliment to the over-rated Talents he had conceived in me ; which, upon explaining himself, he said were much too good, to be thrown away in such a Calling. By this means, you see, the
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little Advantages I was thought to have over some of my Brothers, served but to throw me behind them in the World : these trifling Gifts, by his perverted Sense and misapplication of them, became detrimental to me, in effect : and those very Things, by which others advance themselves so rapidly in life, were given to *me* as reasons, for my not living at-all. You will scarce believe it, Royal Sir ; but when my Infirmities, added to some other Reasons I had for taking that Step, obliged me to resign the Employment I had under the good Queen * ; I had no other Subsistence whatever for myself and a poor Boy, who has now the honour to be serving You in America, than my fathers dirty Allowance, of one hundred and twenty Pounds a-year. And this poor Pittance, when I called upon him for it, was dealt out to me, with as reluctant an Hand, as he could have paid the Wages of some unfaithful or unprofitable Servant : and as if he looked upon me, rather as an Incumbrance, than a Blessing to him. Upon my Conscience, Sir, I could tell You such enormous

* It was in the Year her Majesty died. I had been her Equerry near nine Years.

things of him, as would fill your Mind with horror; not only as a Man of Probity, but Humanity. But his Shroud must now become a Veil over his Iniquities——That Peace which he denyed to *me*, be with him.——

Yet I cannot forbear making one general Reflection upon the whole; which is, that as I was destined to have a Being, nothing but the fatallity of deriving it from Lord Bristol, could have made me either unhappy, or inconsiderable: I told him often, if he had any Charge to bring against me, and could support it properly, that I would ask his pardon, with all the humility and Submission due to Heaven. But added, that if ever I forgave what I had to impute to *him*, I hoped never to be forgiven myself, where Pardon is of much greater importance to us. Though I am not entitled to bear the Motto * of my Family, I feel the substance of it internally about me; *for I never forget*. Inconsistent as it may be with a Religious Orthodoxy, I am even inclined to think, that Revenge is one of the

* Je n' oublierai jamais.

noblest Passions belonging to our Nature ; because it seems to me, to be founded in an Enmity to baseness. A very little Attention to the Springs of Action in ourselves, would convince us, I dare say, that the self-same Spirit which makes our Passions strong, makes our Affections warm : and that we are resentful, and grateful, from homogeneous Principles in us, and an Unity in our Formation. It is my firm belief, at least, that he who could soon forget an Injury, would not long remember a good Office.

But although the Law of Retaliation appears to me, to be strongly grounded both in Nature and Reason ; yet I saw, as his son, that I was precluded all Power and Means of making any Reprisals upon him whatever. The only satisfaction, therefore, that remained, for all his inhuman Injuries, was, to mortify his Pride as well as I could : Where, as he was most sensible, I knew, of course, that he was most vulnerable. Accordingly, I boldly asserted at one Time, that I owed him nothing but a Being, which he seemed to have studied how to make burthensom and loathsom to me. I told him at another, in a more dejected Mood, that,
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had he not made a Wretch, I might possibly have excused his making *nothing* of me; and would have compounded with him, for depriving me of all other Enjoyments, if he would but have allowed me to enjoy myself. For Neglects, as I observed to him, are but negative Wrongs; and hold no Proportion, or Comparison, with absolute Injuries and Abuses. With these and the like Reproaches, occasionally inserted in my Letters to him, would he suffer me to sting his Conscience, and gall his Pride, without the least Reply, Gainfaying, or Recrimination whatever. Strange Man! or rather strange Monster! for I am thoroughly persuaded, that such a Creature never appeared before in an human Shape.

I believe he loved me once, as well as he could love, but not so well as I could have wished. For, being never actuated by any real Principle, his Affections were nothing more than constitutional Emotions, occasionally excited in him, like the Compassion of another Person, when he gives his Alms to a Beggar: All Pity creating for a while, a certain Degree of Love of its Object. But from the Time that my Mother con-

victed him, before my Face, and in the Presence of Lord Chief Baron *Reynolds*, (whom she did not entirely acquit of being privy to the Collusion) of having defrauded me of twelve hundred Pounds a-year, he seemed disconcerted always, and uneasy at the Sight of me. The Relation betwixt Cause and Effect, with regard to this diabolic Kind of Enmity, is somewhat occult; but I believe it may be taken for granted, that almost every Man hates the Person, whom he has greatly and wilfully injured. I think I could give a tolerable Account of the Ground and Growth of it, but the Analysis would be too tedious.

That he had wondrous Reason to regard me, God knows! For I call the same Judge to witness, whether the Love and Reverence I once bore him, did not surpass every thing of its Kind in this World, excepting that of the Religious for himself. But all the Use my Tyrant made of this extraordinary Respect and Deference, was to take Advantage of an easy generous Nature, and make it necessary to my own Undoing. For from the Time that he obtained, I may say extorted from me, my Consent to be made

a Member of the Corporation of *Bury*, I may date the most material Evils, that have attended my wretched Life. My good and gracious Sir, I not only sacrificed my Time and Health in performing the irksome, slavish Offices he imposed upon me there; but, what is scarce credible, I did them at my own Expence. When I wanted to make a little Merit of these Services with my Brother, who at that Time reaped the Benefit of my Drudgery, I did not find him disposed to treat me much better than my Parents. And in a Conference I had with him some Time after, upon another Occasion, he behaved himself with such unsufferable Arrogance, that I broke off all Intercourse and Commerce with him, for almost four Years.

A barely slighted Friendship, Sir, is a mortifying Thing enough; but an abused and ill-requited Love, is a shocking one. But my Brother's Mis-usage, though it helped to produce a dreadful Change in me, did not change my Purposes. I have returned to my Toil, with the same Zeal and Fervour, and embarked a-new, for the sake of his Children, in what I thought a very meritorious

torious Undertaking. For I shall ever love my Family, as I do my Country, collectively ; though I may have seen Cause to despise Individuals of both.

I most humbly beseech You, my good and gracious Sovereign, to pardon the unwary Trespas I have comitted, in extending these Reflections to so great a length, after seeming to have dismiss'd the horrid Subject. But, upon my word, it possesses my whole Soul in such a manner, that whenever I touch upon it, I scarce possess myself. To find out that we have been the Dupes of our own Hearts ; which is the case of every Man, who lives to discover that he has been the Friend of his Enemy ; is attended, with such a deadly Anguish, as none will ever know, but those who have felt it : And is never to be described, even by them that have. I beg leave, nevertheless, to make known to Your Majesty one more untoward Circumstance, attending this fatal Occupation assigned me by my Father, and shall so conclude.

Lady Bristol, having been highly disobliged by my Colleague at Bury, who was likewise growing very unpopular there ; told me

me one Day, that she was resolved to seek Revenge, by supplanting him in the Borough. That her Confederates in this Design, having numbered the Malcontents, had assured her upon the last Muster of them, they were strong enough to effect it ; and, if I either voted for him, or took any Measures for the farther Support of his Interest in the Corporation, that I should repent it as long as I lived. In short, if I did any Thing to defeat her Project, that she would strike me out of her Will. The Purport of my Answer, which I do not pretend to give your Majesty with great Exactness, was ; that I was very much concerned, and a little surpris'd, at this new Difficulty she had thrown in my Way. Colonel *Norton*, I confessed, was a Person, whom I had no Reason to love, had some to distrust, and many to despise. But I reminded her Ladyship, at the same Time, of a proverbial Maxim, which imports, that there is an Equity due to the Devil : and told her farther, as it appeared to me to have some Foundation in Reason, I had resolved to act conformably to it. That in Pursuance of this Resolution, in the last Conference I
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had with my Father, (though, in my own private Opinion, I thought all Coalitions injurious to his Interest) I had set forth the Expediency of supporting the present one; and, as the Alliance was subsisting, that the Stipulations and Obligations of it surely were to be observed. His Lordship, I told her, having approved of these and other Arguments I used, of the same Tendency, empowered me to tell the Confederate Party, that in order to strengthen their Hands, he should acquiesce in the Choice of the two Persons, whom they had proposed to him for that Purpose. “ And you have done all this, have you? (replied her Ladyship) “ then You have acted the Part of a Scoundrel, *for* a Scoundrel.” This outrageous Violence seeming to exceed all Authority or License claimable by any Parent, though incensed, I remained at Table but just Time enough to hear her Menaces reiterated, and withdrew *. But her Ladyship’s Impetuosity upon this Occasion, unfortunately be-

* This curious Conversation past in the Presence of two or three Persons who had dined with her that Day, her Ladyship being then at *Tunbridge Wells*.

trayed my poor double-dealing Father ; who, as appeared, had it not been for my reasonable Instigation, was to have connived at her Device. But the Issue of our Conflict, my good Sir, was worse than the Thing itself ; for when she died, I found that I had suffered the Penalty denounced against me, for my unpardonable Offence. Though my Mother, as your Majesty knows, was a very weak and passionate Woman ; it is my Opinion, that her Wrath would not have carried her such a Length, unfomented by some indirect Practices of another Relation of mine. At the same Time, I think myself bound to confess, that this Allegation is grounded chiefly on Surmise ; and that Charges of so heinous a Nature, ought to have more than presumptive Proofs to support them. It is certain, however, that he whom I suspect, was the Person benefitted by our unhappy Quarrel. But be it, or be it not, aggravated, with the Baseness supposed ; the Cruelty of the Proceeding is so glaring, that it is needless to desire your particular Attention to it : One of my Parents having exacted from me the most severe Services, that ever were required of a

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Son ; and the other disinherited me for the Performance of them. It is not necessary to *suffer* such things as these, Royal Sir ; to hear of them is sufficient to make us Melancholy. Relationship seems to me, to be one of the Conjunctions disjunctive: And nothing can more plainly shew the Degeneracy of Mankind, than that the Ties of Blood, by some Means or another, prove much oftener the Causes of Strife and Envy, than the Bands of Amity in Families.

I had almost forgot to tell you, by a strange Occurrence of my Life, it happened to me, that your Majesty's Interest once interfered with mine : But I thank Heaven, that I had Grace and Resolution enough to give yours the Preference. And I do most solemnly protest to you, my ever loved and honoured Master, that when I have been engaged in what I thought right, I never could be awed by the Apprehension, either of Danger, Difficulty, or Loss, that might attend the Performance of it. This Inflexibility, I believe, is always the Concomitant of a proud and dedignant Spirit : And though the Qualities may not seem pleasing, I wish the Character was more com-

common. Pride that will not let a Man bend his Back properly, is offensive and contemptible : but Pride that will not let him bend to *Things*, improperly, is of so glorious a Nature, that he may even be proud of his pride.

To consummate my Affliction, I have lately discovered, that this little Fort in my Formation, was, pretty near, all that the censorious World had allowed or left me now to brag of. I have been informed by a very sincere and faithful Friend of mine, (and none are faithful that are not as sincere) that my Character and Conduct have not escaped Censure and Derision. And, in Truth, Sir, I have been unhappily aware, that the constant Violences I have been doing to myself, in consequence of the Outrages done me by others, could not but expose me to such invidious Comments and Animadversions. Inclination, and Desperation, make very different Men frequent the same Paths, and affect the same Haunts and Habits ; and the By-stander, who cannot possibly discern the various Causes of their Attraction, naturally brings us both under the same Predicament. By which Means, we become injured, with-

out having any thing, in reallity, to impute to the Doer of the Wrong. It is a Misfortune, that we have no other way to judge of what passes in the World, but by Appearances, or Report, And yet how very few things, are either what they seem, or are represented to be? I can testify, that I have often seen a Philosopher, assimilate himself, and become the Companion of an empty Sot. I have seen, at other times, Persons of most distinguished Honour and good Sense, promiscuously met, and levelled, with a noisy dissolute Tribe of another Sort; and yet having no more real Call to the Object of their Attention, than they would have had, any where else, to their Society. A *tædium sui*, I doubt, Sir, is too commonly the Source of Vice, amongst the Idle and Indolent: but that *tædium* in a Wretch, to whom the Joys of a self-possessing, and self-applauding Mind, had been ever known, becomes an Impulse of a very different Nature. What I mean to point out by these Remarks, is, that the Characters of Gentlemen are not to be determined by the Pursuit of the same Pleasures. For some will be seen to follow them, merely because they like them; whilst others

others may be found to seek them, only because they *dislike* themselves. What I could say more upon this Subject, I hope will be supplied, by your Majesty's candid Application of what I have said. For to have our Misfortunes, or the Effects of them, turned to our Reproach, is a most lamentable Enhancement of them. The Truth is, my good and gracious Sovereign, that my whole Life has been spent, as it were, in a Storm. And I have always feared, that the mistaken World, who have beheld my Wreck, would lay the blame upon the poor Owner of the Vessel, instead of giving it to the careless and unthinking Pilot, who should have shewn me a better Course.

I have troubled You, Sir, with a very tedious Rhapsody ; and, instead of recommending to your Consideration a Case only, which was all I promised in the Introduction to it, perceive that I have insensibly become my own Biographer. However, the enormous Length of my Performance excepted, I flatter myself, that it contains nothing at-all offensive, either in point of Manner, or Matter. If, in setting forth any thing, which I thought praise-worthy
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in my Conduct, there has appeared a little semblance of Ostentation; as I am most unfeignedly conscious, that it was not from any vain or arrogant Motive, I hope it will not be imputed to me as a Breach of Modesty. For I can aver, with the strictest Regard to Truth, that I pretend to no other Merit now in this World, than that of having deserved a better Fate and Treatment in it.

I am convinced, that I have written such a Letter to your Majesty, as was never before addressed to any King. But then it contains a Story too, which no Subject but myself ever had to write: And You are the only Person on Earth, to whom I would condescend to tell it. It is little Evils (says a Latin Aphorism) which dispose us to complain; but great ones make us stupid, and speechless *. I have stifled my Grievs, till I have sometimes thought, that they would stifle *me*. For Pity is a Boon, which my Temper would never allow me to seek, nor my Experience to expect. It seems to me, at best, to be but a kind of mental Charity;

* Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

and Men of Spirit can but ill brook, the standing indebted for such Alms:

Approaching very nearly, now, the End of *my* Pleasure, and your Majesty's Pains; which could not have been compatible, in any other Instance; I am reminded by it, of an humorous Observation of Lord Verulam's, who remarks of some of the Epistolary Writers in his Time, that it was their constant Practice, to make the Postscript, the most material Part of their Letters. For, somewhat like these Gentlemen, I have reserved for the last Article of my Remonstrance, that which I originally designed for the whole Sum and Substance of it.

It is most humbly to represent to your Majesty, that I have had a Demand upon your Treasury, of a Civil-list Arrear of long standing, to the Amount of two thousand Pounds. Encouraged by my Friends, I found Means to make known this Claim to Mr. *Pelham*; who acknowledged the Validity of it, and assured me it should be complied with. Some Months after my first Application, pursuant to his Desire, I renewed *my* Petition, and 'he his Promise, that he would not forget his Engagement. But seeing

ing him frequently, and no Mention being made of it, I dropt my Suit. This Debt accrued, Sir, in the Manner following. Sir *Robert Walpole*, after numberless Professions of his Love, and Regard for me, told me at his Levee one Morning, that your Majesty had at last enabled him to give me a more substantial Proof of them, by appointing me one of your Clerks of the Green-Cloth. Having postponed me often, to those I should have preceeded, by his own Confession ; his general Pretence for neglecting me had been, that I had neglected myself, by being a bad Solicitor. And it is very true, that I never was, what is called, in modern and modish Phrase, a pushing Man : though the Urgency of my Wants, might have excused a little Appearance of it, in the Manner of my desiring to have them supplied. However, the good Office he had done me with your Majesty, atoned for every thing. When I had been about a Week, as I thought, in Possession of this Employment, and expecting daily to be called to the Acknowledgment of your Bounty, as is customary, by having the honour to kiss your Hand ; I waited upon him again, in order to be informed, whether
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any Time was fixed for that Purpose. But he told me, to my great Surprise, and Concern, that he feared the Duke of *Dorset*, who had solicited the Office for Mr. *Carew*, would get the better of me. That his Grace having two or three Sons in Parliament, had threatened him, if he could not carry his Point, with the entire Defection of his whole Family. The demur was sufficient to convince me, what would be the result of our Competition ; and I was obliged to acquiesce under another Disappointment. But I received a Message from him not long after, signifying that he desired to speak with me ; and at this Interview, he made me an Offer of the Place I enjoy at present under your Majesty ; which I absolutely refused. Sir *Robert*, notwithstanding, being himself dissatisfied, with the Slight he had put upon me ; I had a second Message from him, conveyed to me by the then Bishop of *Ely*, who was my particular friend. This Commission was to inform me, that your Majesty, in order to make the Employment I had refused, more equivalent to that which I had lost ; had impowered him to give it me,

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with an additional Salary of Four Hundred Pounds a-Year ; till you could provide for me, as he was pleased to say, more suitably to my Desert. Little expecting to meet, and much less able to bear any new Distress or Mortification, I am almost ashamed to tell You, that your Proxy upon this Occasion, neither paid my supplemental Appointments, nor ever procured me any other Mark of your Favour, in Lieu of them. The Use I hope to make of the Non-Performance of this Agreement, is rather as an Intercessor for my poor Family, than as a Principal. An Accession to my Fortune, upon the Death of Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, having made my Income compleatly Two Thousand Pounds a-Year, I have thought myself, ever since, as rich as your Majesty*. For, I am not one of those very fine Gentlemen, in the Estimate of whose Expences, Superfluities seem to be become a considerable Part of their Necessaries.

But although I have no immediate Wants of my own ; Attention to the future Welfare of those I ought to hold dear as myself, is a concern not inferiour to any other whatever.

* A nominal two thousand Pounds a-year is here meant ; whereof my Salary made one Quarter.

ever. And it is singly with this View, that I have taken the Liberty to remind your Majesty of your intended Benefaction to me. Let me intreat You, therefore, as there may be shortly an End of *me*, to allow me the Satisfaction, of seeing first an End of those Things, that, in all Likelihood, have prematurely brought me to it; and not to suffer my Child, or his Mother, to be Heirs to my Grievs, who, if I die soon, may have little else to inherit.

It was ever my sincere Opinion, that the most enviable of all human Happiness, is the Power of making happy. And though the want of the Power, has left me also in want of the Proof of my Proposition; I am luckily applying myself, to the Person in the World best qualified, both by Nature and Habit, to confirm the Truth of it. A Man, I dare say, has but to make out a very moderate Title to your Beneficence, to do you a reciprocal Pleasure in the bestowing of it. For which Reason, if I succeed not in my present Purpose, I shall attribute the Miscarriage to an Insufficiency

in my Claim, and not to any Defect in the Disposition of my Patron.

Having apprised your Majesty, long since, of my End in writing to you ; I hope, and trust, that you will pardon me, if I presume to tell you likewise, by what Means you may most effectually answer it. And, that your Majesty's good Intentions towards me, may not be entirely defeated ; I humbly propose, in the way of Commutation, that you will now permit my Wife to reap the Benefit of them, by giving her a Pension of two hundred Pounds a-year. Or, should your Consideration of thirty Years Services, and the many disagreeable Things I encountered in the Performance of my Duty, incline you to a more generous Requital of them ; you may make me still happier, in bestowing on my Son, the Employment I have the Honour to hold of you. And to obviate any Scruples you may have about multiplying of Reversions, I am not only willing, but desirous, in Consideration of so great a Favour, to relinquish my own Interest in it, entirely. Should your Majesty be graciously pleased to

to indulge my Suit, by this Method of complying with it; you will not barely discharge your Debt, but, in fact, transfer the Credit to your own Side, by an accumulated Bounty; and without missing the Means of doing either. And this great End and Aim of all my Wishes, accomplished; I shall withdraw myself, as far as is consistent with Mrs. *Hervey's* Pleasures, from a disjointed, envious, and dissolute World, with which I have long been jangling; and of which I shall take my final Leave, with as much Unconcern, as I could turn my Back upon any other Spectacle, where I had neither liked the Representation, nor the Performers. One of the melancholy Comforts of a Life of Discontent, is, that it brings Content in Death. And though the Loss of it, prospectively considered, is accounted the greatest Evil that can befall us; yet, consequentially regarded, it is the least: Because it is a Loss, of which we have no Sense. Having done some Things I may be proud of, and none to be ashamed of, I shall sooth and solace myself with those Thoughts; and acquiesce
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in the pleasing Recognition of them, 'till my appointed Hour shall come, in which nothing but such a Consciousness is of any Moment to us. And during the tedious Interval, I shall secretly pray Heaven, amongst other Supplications for your Well-being; that you may be just as long-lived as you wish yourself, as happy as I wish you, and as much beloved as you deserve.

I have the Honour to be, with a most unfeigned and unutterable Devotion,

Your Majesty's

ever faithful and

Bond-street
Feb. 3, 1755.

obedient humble Servant,

Thomas Hervey.

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